

UNITED

IRISHMAN;

O R,

PADDY'S LAMENTATION.

A FAVOURITE BALLAD.

I ONCE had a cabin, a horse and a cow,
Some pigs and some girls and some boys,
My wife boil'd potatoes whilst I was at plough,
And we thought of no end to our joys.

I rose with the sun, and to labour I went,
Singing merrily sweet langolee,
Our evenings at home were in harmony spent,
And to bed we all went in high glee.

On Sundays to chapel we walked hand in hand,
Low to bend to the heavenly throne,
The priest we could always with ease understand,
As he preached on religion alone.

Some taxes I paid, but with very good cheer,
As a guard for the rest of my store,
And I always perceived, at the end of the year,
I was just as well off as before.

But now I'm a beggar, a murd'rer, a thief,
A wretch only fit for the grave;
Sure nothing on earth can afford me relief,
To despair doom'd for ever a slave!

The folks all around me began to unite,
To murder, to rob, and to riot,
And they forced me to join, tho' I thought it not
right;
Yet hoped they would then leave me quiet.

But week after week I received a command,
To subscribe to the purse of the party,
And when I complain'd I had no cash in hand,
They denounc'd me as not being hearty.

To save me from harm, I was forced to attend,
And work in a nightly committee,
Where often the death of a neighbour and friend
Was contriv'd without horror or pity.

Thus robb'd by degrees of my snug little store,
I scarce could my family feed,
And having no leisure to gain any more,
We all became beggars indeed.

Having lost all I had—and I could not tell why,
Which was gain'd by—I could not tell who,
Like a fool I engaged for these unknown to die,
And to plunder despairing I flew.

My sons and myself from the woods stole the
trees,
To make pikes for the use of the men;

We join'd every gang, arms and powder to seize,
And a soldier we shot now and then.

At length it was fixed our old landlord should
die—

Sure none was so generous and brave;
But they call'd him a bloody informer and spy,
Swearing nothing the tyrant should save.

His house was assaulted; the firing was free,
And our courage most stoutly was tried;
When—oh! what a fight for a father to see!
My children were shot by my side.

Weep, weep, hearts of iron, weep over my
boys,
The pride and the prop of my age—
Ye united in blood, ye have blasted my joys,
And ye care not my griefs to assuage.

Farewell, my sweet fellows, my gentle, my
brave—

Alas! that as traitors ye fell,
No tears but your parents' to sprinkle your grave,
No tongue your true merit to tell!

Had your steps by your father in honour been
trained,
To fight for your country and king;
On her harp, with the glory my youths would
have gain'd,
Would Erin have waken'd each string.

But my fate I deserve;—yet, oh! bitter indeed
Is the thought of my Judith's distress!
'Twas I caus'd your children, poor mother, to
bleed;
And can you a murd'rer care?

Can you see your sad husband, a father more
sad?

Can you melt at his penitent cry?
No, no; 'tis too much;—my brain becomes
mad;
Far away from your sight must I fly.

Farewell then, my Judith; for ever, farewell;
I go to some far distant climes,
Where none shall be able my story to tell,
Whilst in horror I brood o'er my crimes.

POSTHUMUS.

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